

# Treasure Chest

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BY THE  
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CODE



AUTHORITY







WEB COMIC  
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# TREASURE CHEST'S FUN PAGE

**U**NSCRAMBLE THE NAMES OF THE  
CARDS TO SPELL SIX BOYS NAMES..

YEDTD

MIJYM

EDRF

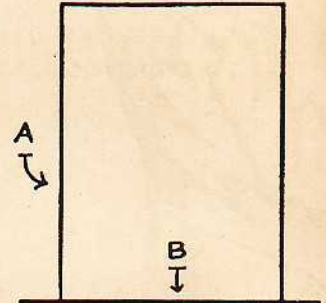
NFAKR

KMRA

THSE

ANSWER:  
1. TEDDY 2. JIMMY 3. FRED 4. FRANK  
5. MARK 6. SETH

**W**HICH WOULD YOU SAY  
IS LONGER -  
LINE "A" OR LINE "B"?

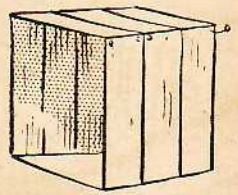
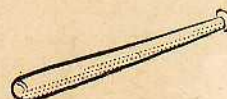
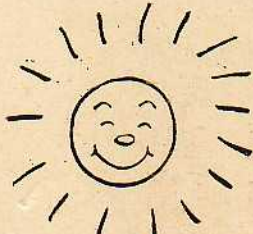
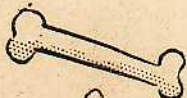
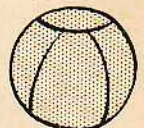
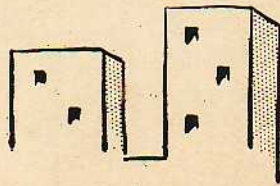
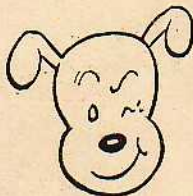


**N**OW MEASURE THE  
LINES AND SEE IF YOU  
GUESSED RIGHT..

MILT HAMMERS

## TEST YOUR MEMORY..

**L**OOK AT THESE OBJECTS FOR ABOUT A MINUTE - CLOSE THE  
MAGAZINE AND SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN REMEMBER...

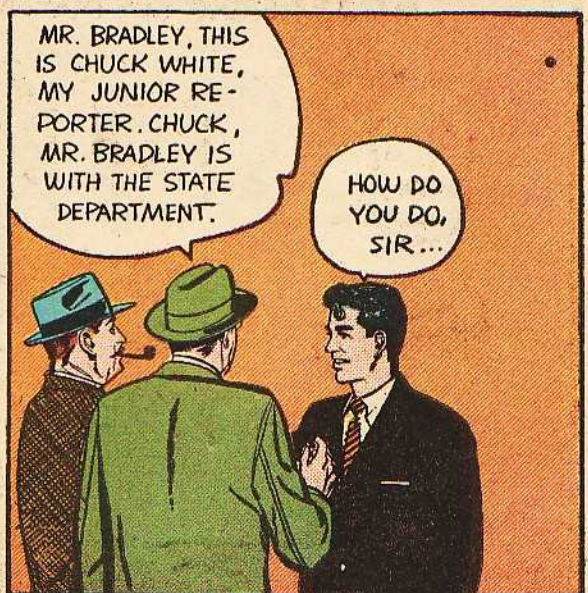
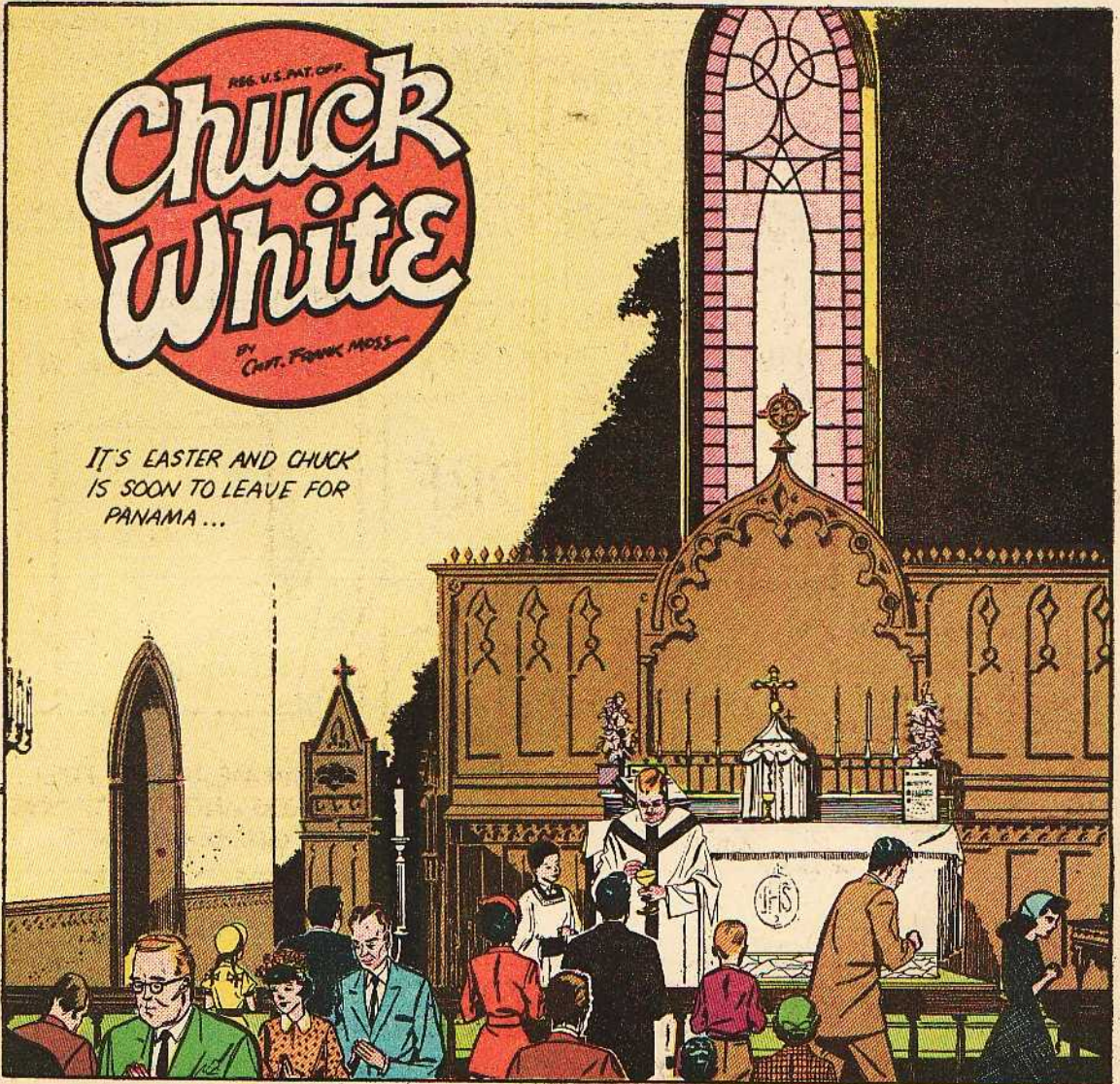




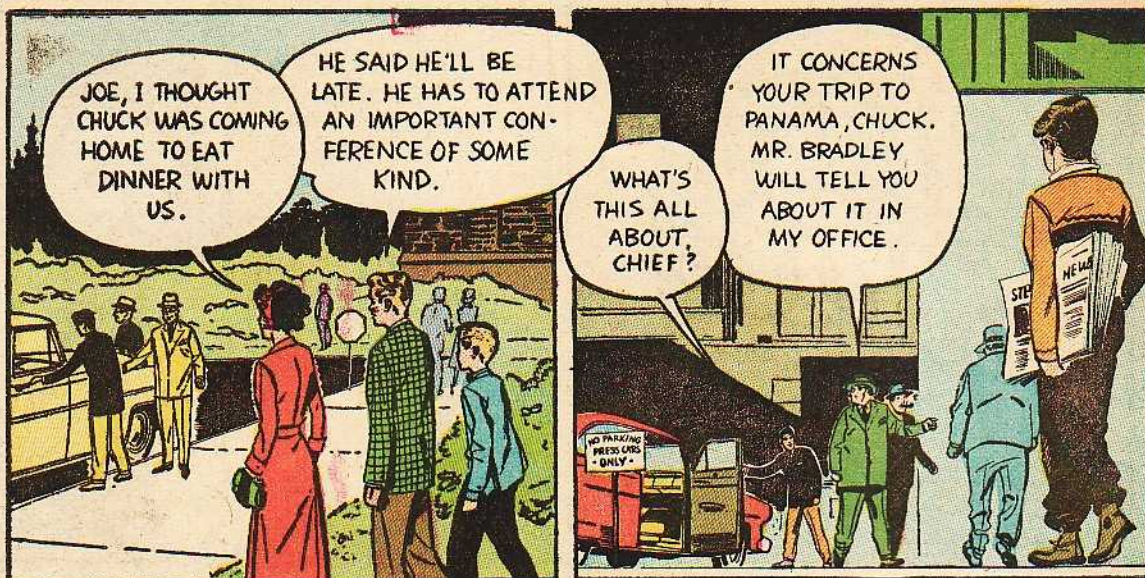
# Chuck White

RSS, U.S. PAT. OFF.  
BY CHIT. FRANK MOSS

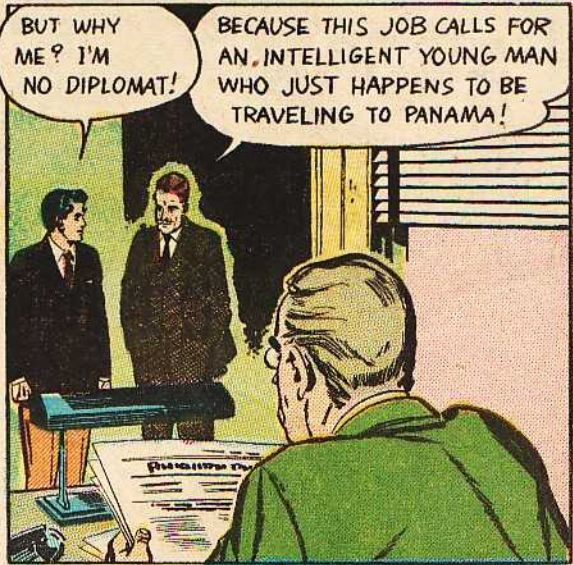
IT'S EASTER AND CHUCK  
IS SOON TO LEAVE FOR  
PANAMA ...











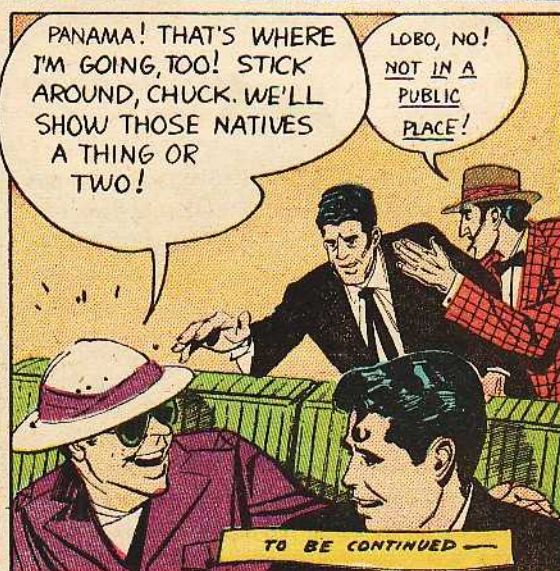
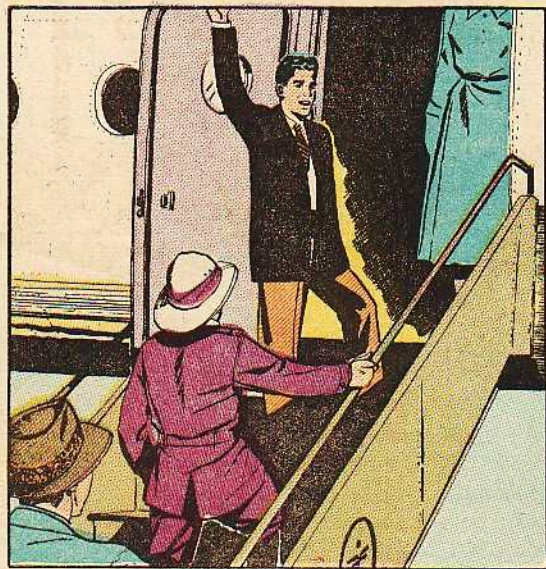






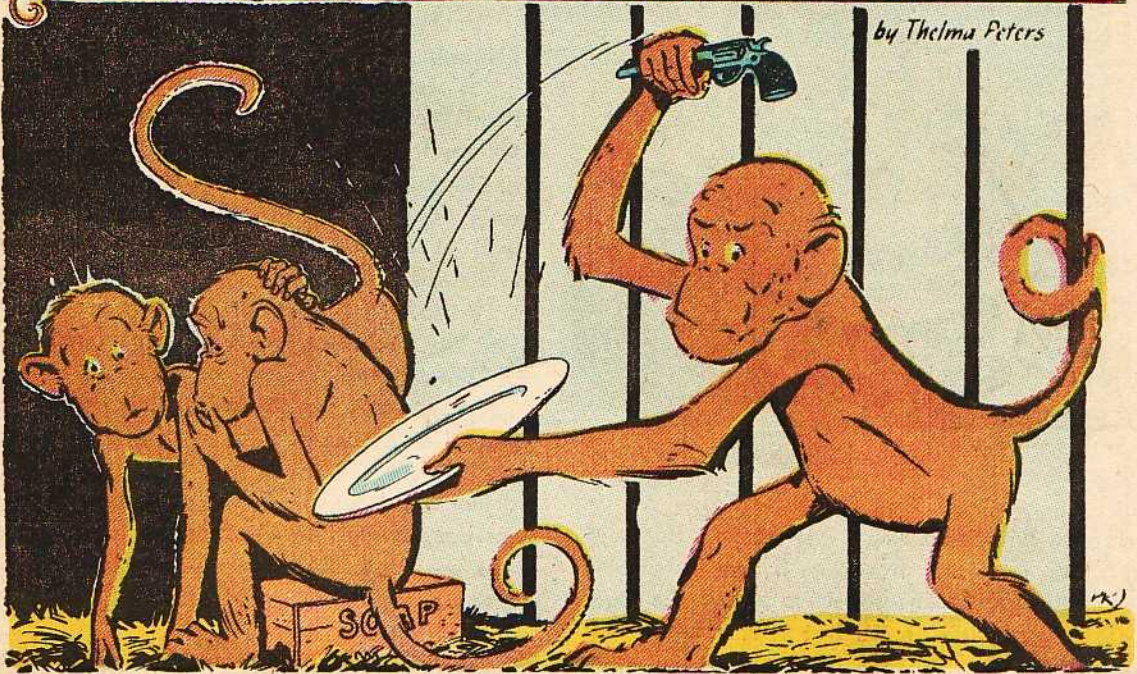








# MONKEY BUS FOR OMAHA



Ken and Phil were offered a job for the summer at a dude ranch in Wyoming—but that was fifteen hundred miles away. The problem was: how to get there.

Phil had a topless old jalopy and he tinkered with it for days. "I know she'll make it. Doesn't she run sweet?" he said to his friend, Ken, when he had done everything to the car he knew to do.

Ken was busy painting a sign to hang on the rear of the car. It said, WATCH OUR DUST, WYOMING OR BUST.

"It sounds okeh," Ken agreed. "But it won't run without gas. What are we going to use for money?"

The boys had saved a little from their Saturday jobs but it wasn't enough. Then Ken's boss, Mr. Plotz, who ran a pet shop, made them an offer.

"I've got an order for six monkeys from the Omaha zoo," he said. "That won't be much out of your way. Take 'em along, feed 'em, and I'll pay you thirty dollars."

It was a deal. The boys built a cage to fit the back seat, the sides of heavy wire, the top of plywood into which they cut a small door.

"They're smart babies," Ken declared. "By putting the door here on top they can't reach around and open it."

"Don't trust them," Mr. Plotz warned. "All monkeys are full of mischief. Especially Mimi there. She used to belong to an organ grinder."

The boys started early one morning, gaily waving good-byes to families and friends who had assembled to see them off and to tease them about running a monkey bus.

At first all went well. The monkeys liked to travel and the boys got a lot of fun watching their antics. They even bought them some toys, the most popular being a shining tin plate and a toy pistol. At first the plate was used as a mirror. Then Gump, an old-man-looking monkey, found he could make a whopper noise by pounding the plate with the pistol.

"Good night!" Phil cried when he couldn't stand it any longer. "Here comes a town. Folks'll think we're nuts. Take that gun away from him, Ken."

Ken finally managed to get the gun but it was a struggle.

"All right, old man. Sit and sulk. You should see him, Phil," Ken said to Phil who was driving and couldn't look around. "He's looking pure murder at me."

The second day out and about four hundred miles from home they ran into trouble. It began





with a sudden hard rain. The monkeys began to scream and jump around as if they were crazy and Ken grabbed a tarpaulin to put over the cage. The boys huddled under it, too. Phil slowed to a crawl.

It was still raining several hours later when they drove into a filling station for gas. Imagine the jolt Ken got when he reached for his wallet and found it gone!

"You had it when we stopped at noon," Phil said, a worried look on his face.

"Well, it's gone! All the money Mr. Plotz paid us. And mine, too!"

"Golly gee, Ken! Do you suppose Mimi did it?"

The boys searched every inch of the car, even moving the cage. "Mimi looks innocent as an angel. But she's our thief," Phil concluded. "And there's no use going back. It's miles and miles and in all this rain—" He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

Fortunately Phil had a few dollars and so he could pay for the gas.

"What are we going to do?" they kept asking each other. Their wet clothes and the steady rain added to their discouragement.

Finally Ken suggested, "Let's find a dry place to sleep tonight and maybe by morning we can figure it out."

It wasn't easy to find a room—not with monkeys. But a friendly policeman told them about a Mrs. Harvey who had once raised a family of boys and wouldn't mind a few monkeys. She took them in—even let them keep the jalopy and the monks

in the garage. She didn't charge them much either.

The next morning before they started out, the boys emptied their pockets on the bed and counted up six dollars and five cents.

"Just about enough to buy gas to get home," Phil said sadly.

"If we don't eat," Ken agreed. "But what then? We'd still have to get the monks to Omaha. Or pay the money back."

"Maybe we just can't get to Wyoming. Maybe we'll have to give the job up and try to get work at home to pay Mr. Plotz back." Phil was really low in spirits.

"I don't want to go back," Ken said. "I tell you, Phil, I have one feeble little brain throb left."

"What's that?"

"Well, you'll say I'm crazy. And I won't tell you till after the stores open. I'll need a couple of dollars."

Phil was bursting with curiosity. They got the car packed and fed the monkeys the bananas that were left. And then they drove into the business district and parked in front of a dime store until it opened.

Ken was gone a few minutes and came out with a package. He was grinning from ear to ear. "Let's drive out of town where we can park under a tree," he said.

"Which way—toward home?"

"Nope. Omaha, here we come!"

When they had parked, Ken took out of the package a doll's hat, a child's purse, two lightweight leashes which he fastened together to make one long one, and a large harmonica.

"Are you feeling all right, son?" Phil demanded, playfully feeling Ken's brow for fever.

"These are for Mimi," Ken explained. "Remember Mr. Plotz said she used to belong to an organ grinder? Well, the old girl got us into this fix; so she can just get us out. She can earn our way west."

Mimi, who had plainly considered herself better than the other monkeys, was now pleased to be taken from the cage, fitted with new finery, and allowed to ride in the front seat with the boys. The other monks, however, raised an uproar—especially Gump, who hadn't forgiven Ken for taking away his pistol.

The next town they came to they parked along the main street. Almost at once a crowd collected to see the monkeys. It had been that way at every stop they had made. But this time Mimi was the center of attention. She jiggled on



the sidewalk, tugged at women's skirts, ogled the men, leaped into children's arms, and made a grab for every coin tossed her way. When the people found she could pick up a coin, place it in her pocketbook, and then doff her hat, they rained pennies and nickels upon her.

Ken was so pleased with the way his idea was succeeding that he could hardly keep his face sober enough to play the harmonica. Thirty minutes later, when they were on the highway again, both boys began to sing at the top of their lungs, they were so relieved and happy.

"We got more than two dollars there," Ken said. "And think of the towns ahead!"

"You mean Mimi got it," Phil replied.

Late that afternoon they stopped in a town called Denton. They were feeling pretty elated for they had already collected more than twelve dollars from Mimi's hamming. They happened to park almost in front of a soda fountain. After a crowd had gathered and Mimi had started her highjinks Ken and Phil were hit with the same idea at the same time.

"I sure could use a choc malted," Ken announced.

"I'm with you, boy," Phil replied. They hadn't

taken time for lunch.

"Tie her leash to the door and we can both go in for just a minute," Ken said.

At that moment Mimi was perched on the shoulder of a little boy, pretending to look through his hair for fleas, to the embarrassment of the boy and the amusement of the spectators.

"She won't even miss us," Phil said.

As the boys sat drinking their malteds they kept an eye on the crowd through the window. Suddenly there was a lot of commotion, people began to scream, some ducked, some ran. Ken and Phil stood up, their hearts turning somersaults, and tried to see over the crowd to the car.

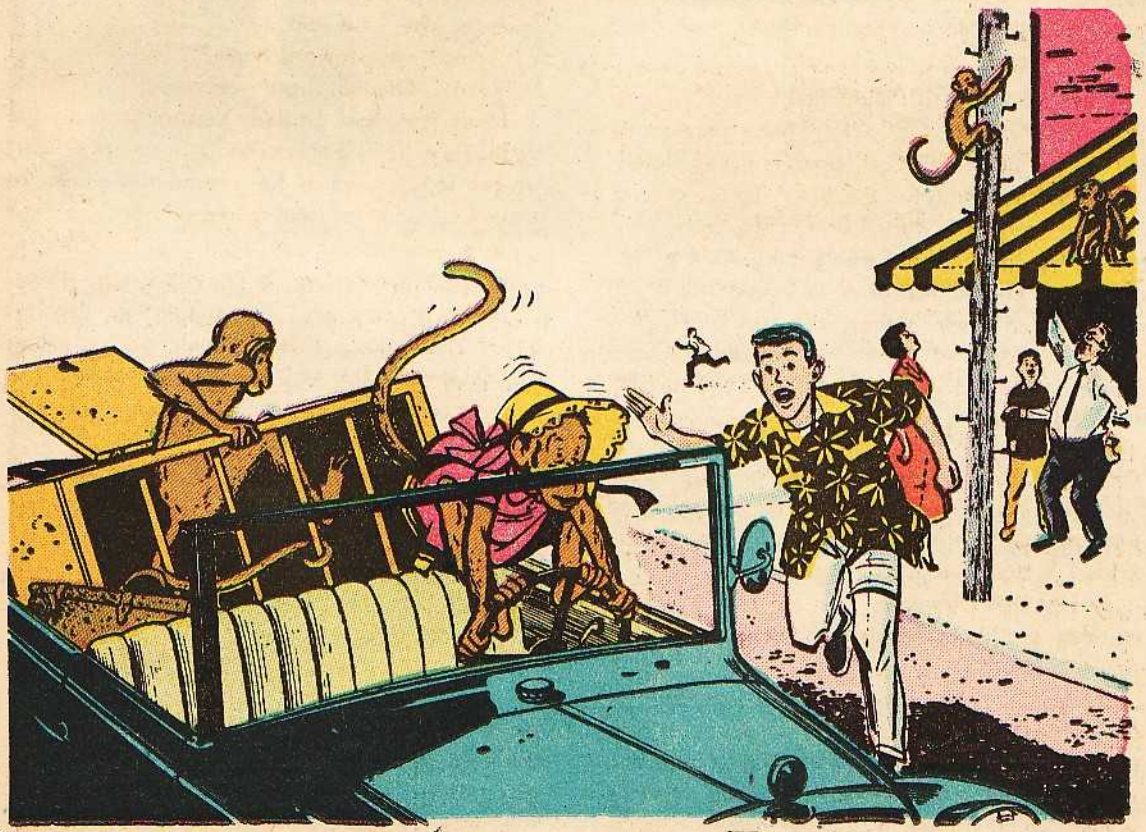
"Good gravy!" Ken cried. "There's a monkey up on that awning!"

"And it isn't Mimi!" Phil shouted. Both boys dashed out of the store.

"What happened? Who let them out?" Ken cried.

"That little one—the one on the leash," a bystander said, pointing to Mimi. "She jumped onto the cage and turned the knob."

"Smart as if she had good sense," another said.





"Mimi! Mimi, I could cheerfully kill you!" Phil cried. The little monkey was now sitting on the steering wheel with a smug look on her face.

But there was no time to think about Mimi. The other five were already scrambling all over the town. Dopey went up a phone pole, Gump leaped from one awning to another, Flea Ball headed for a fruit stand. The mad race was on, with Ken and Phil trying to go in all directions at once. Spectators volunteered to help. Soon a squad car of police arrived, then a fire truck.



Everybody in town who wasn't chasing monkeys was standing around laughing.

By dark all but Gump had been recovered. But the fruit stand had been so completely wrecked that it took all the boys' money to pay for the damage. Fortunately everybody was good-natured about the whole thing. One of the policemen invited the boys to spend the night at the jail, for which they were grateful.

In the middle of the night Sergeant Thomas aroused them out of heavy sleep. "Hey, boys!" he cried. "Somebody just phoned about your other monkey."

The boys rolled out, groggy with sleep, and stumbled into their clothes. On the way across town the sergeant explained that the monkey had been seen at an open-all-night filling station.

When they arrived at the station the boys jumped out to see a very strange sight. A man was staggering around screaming, "Get 'im off! Take 'im away!" And there was Gump, sitting on the man's head and hugging his face with his hairy arms.

"What goes, Gus?" the policeman asked the station attendant who stood near. "What's the gun for? Don't shoot! It's just a tame monkey."

Then they all noticed the attendant was pointing the gun at the man, not at the monkey.

"He tried to hold me up while I had my back turned phoning you about the monkey," Gus explained grimly, holding the gun steady and never taking his eye off the man. He didn't see the monkey until it dropped out of the rafters and upon his neck. He was so scared he dropped the gun and I grabbed it."

"All right, you!" the policeman said to the robber. "Move in, boys, and rescue the monk."

Later they could laugh about it. "Gump thought that robber had his toy pistol," Ken explained to the police.

The next morning the boys got a surprise—not only was the monkey round-up written up as



the best laugh of the year but Gump was made a real hero for capturing a bandit. An official of the gas company sent for the boys, filled their tank with gasoline, gave them a change of oil, and twenty-five dollars in cash.

The boys were soon on their way again.

"Gosh, Ken," Phil said, as they rode along, everything under control, "aren't people swell?"

They thought so even more when, after successfully delivering the monkeys in Omaha and arriving at the dude ranch, they found a package and letter from Ken's mother. Someone had found the wallet along the highway and been good enough to return it to Ken's home address.

"And not a cent missing, Phil! Think of that!"

"Like I say," Phil replied. "People are swell. Monkeys—they're pretty good, too."



# We built AMERICA

Prepared under the supervision  
of the Commission on American  
Citizenship, Catholic University  
of America—Washington, D.C.

illustrated by TOM EAGLIN

WHAT IS THE  
SECOND-LARGEST  
POLISH CITY IN  
THE WORLD?

WARSAW?

CRACOW?

BOTH WRONG!  
THE ANSWER IS  
CHICAGO.

CHICAGO?

CHICAGO HAS MORE PEOPLE  
OF POLISH DESCENT THAN ANY  
OTHER CITY IN THE WORLD  
EXCEPT WARSAW. COME  
ON DOWN TO THE RAILROAD  
STATION WITH ME.

O.K.!

WHAT  
FOR?

WELL, SO FAR WE'VE BEEN EXAMINING HOW PEOPLE FROM DIFFERENT COUNTRIES CONTRIBUTED TO THE AMERICAN PATTERN. THIS WEEK I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO POINT OUT THAT THE PATTERN IS NOT FINISHED. THERE ARE PEOPLE COMING EVEN IN OUR TIMES, WHO WILL ADD NEW DESIGNS TO THE PATTERN.

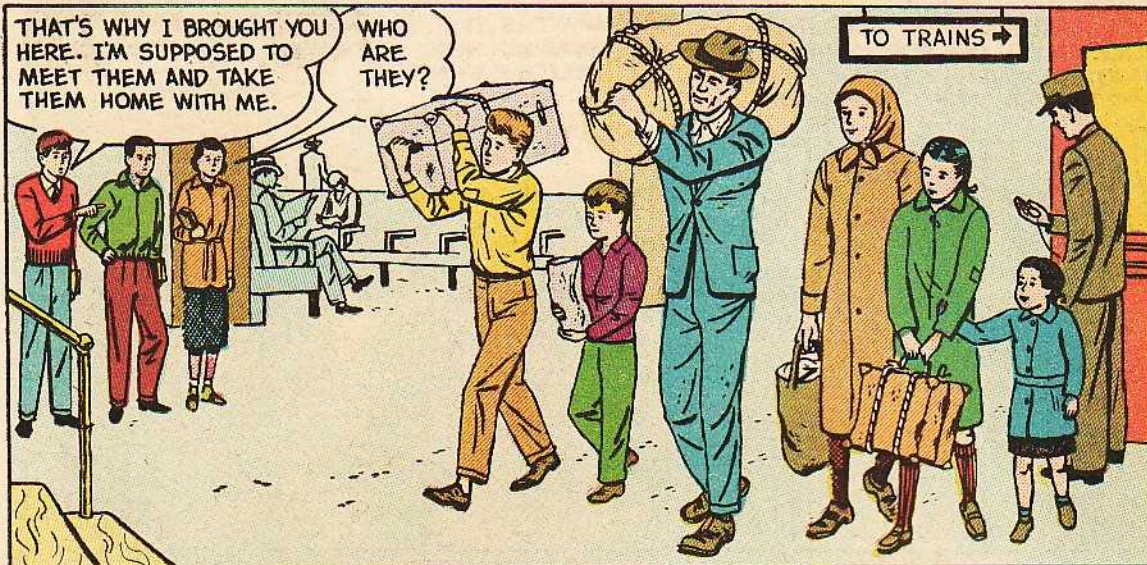
UNION STATION



THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU HERE. I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET THEM AND TAKE THEM HOME WITH ME.

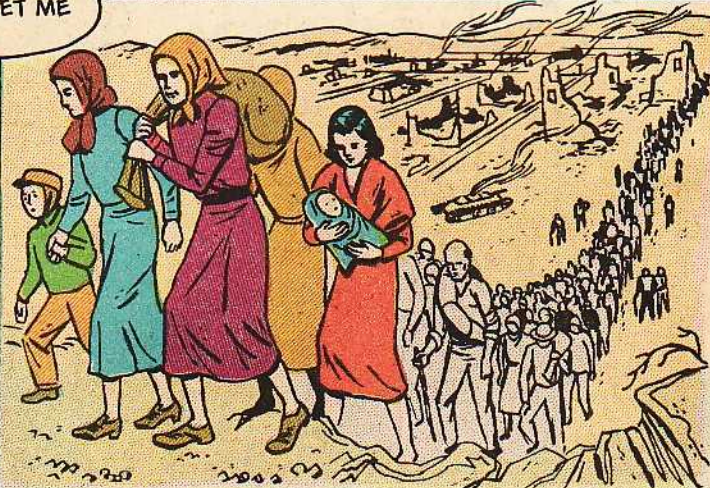
WHO ARE THEY?

TO TRAINS →



THEY ARE A DP FAMILY—POLAND'S LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA. THEY DON'T LOOK VERY INSPIRING NOW, BUT LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THEM...

"WHEN THE NAZIS INVADDED POLAND, THEY WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES..."

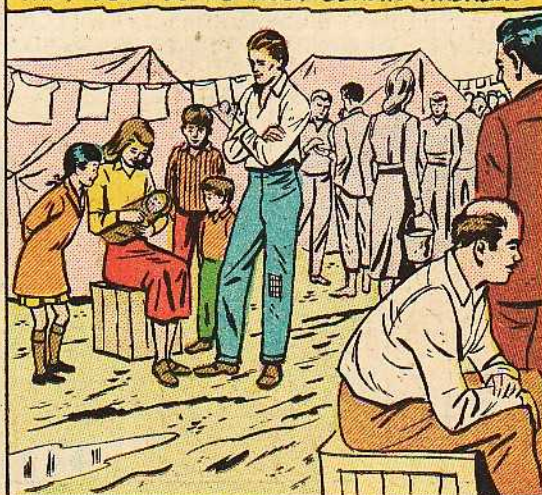


"LATER..."

SEND THE HUSBAND TO THE MUNITIONS FACTORY IN CRACOW. PUT THE WOMAN AND CHILDREN IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP.



"LATER, AFTER THE RUSSIANS TOOK OVER, THEY ESCAPED TO WEST BERLIN WHERE..."





FOR FOUR YEARS THEY HAVE LIVED LIKE THAT IN ONE DP CAMP AFTER ANOTHER, WAITING A CHANCE TO COME TO AMERICA. NOW THEY'VE MADE IT...

MR. KOWALSKI, I'M  
ADAM WOZNIAK.  
WELCOME TO AMERICA.

AT LAST!  
AT LAST!

**L**ATER...

THE POLISH PEOPLE ARE VERY FRIENDLY  
AND THEY LOVE TO HELP ONE ANOTHER.  
THIS IS A GREAT OCCASION FOR THE  
POLISH PEOPLE HERE. THAT DANCE IS A  
POLKA.

THEY ARE  
HAVING SO  
MUCH FUN!

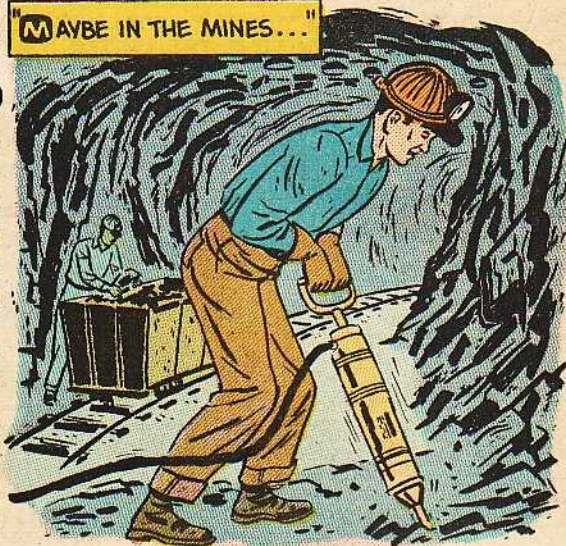
WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NEXT?



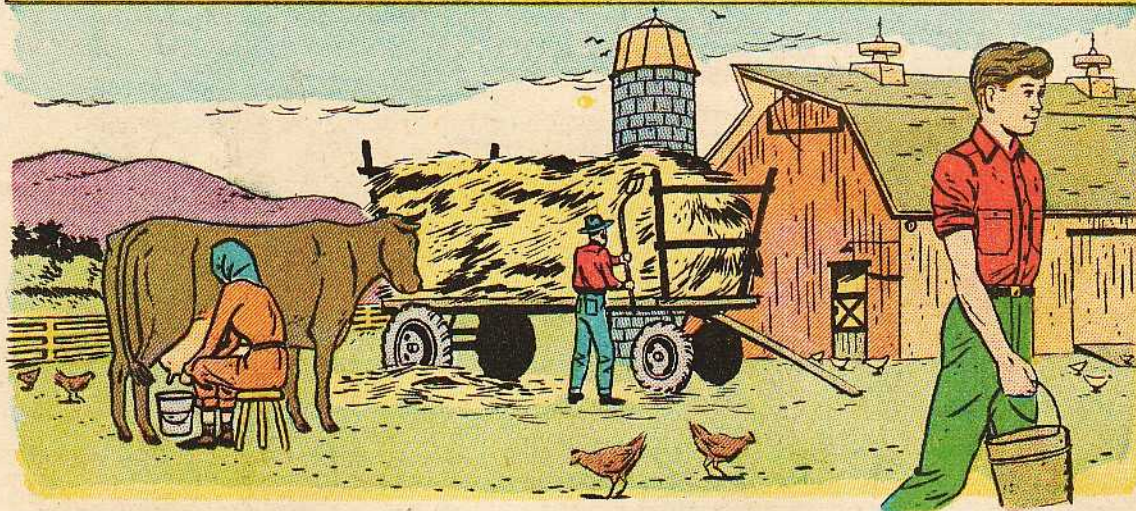
THEY'LL GO THROUGH THE SAME CYCLE AS MANY OF THE 2 MILLION OTHER POLES THAT HAVE COME HERE. MR. KOWALSKI WILL PROBABLY GET A HARD-LABOR JOB...



MAYBE IN THE MINES...



OR THE ENTIRE FAMILY MIGHT START OUT AS A HIRED FAMILY ON A FARM...



NO MATTER HOW LITTLE MONEY THEY MAKE THEY'LL SAVE SOME. THAT IS USUAL WITH POLISH PEOPLE, AND THE CHILDREN WILL BE SENT AS FAR IN SCHOOL AS POSSIBLE. THE OLDEST BOY MAY FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AND LEARN A TRADE. THE YOUNGER ONES MAY GO TO COLLEGE AND ENTER THE PROFESSIONS.

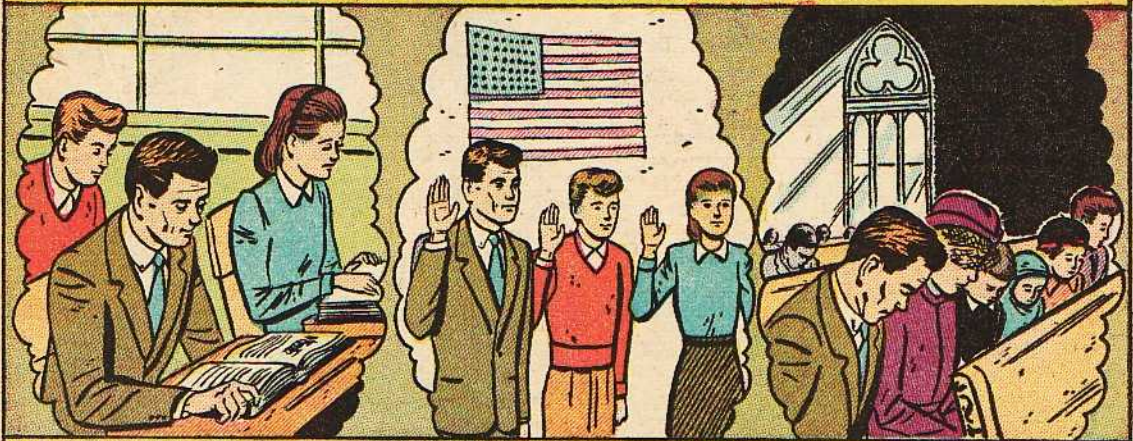


BUT BEFORE AND ABOVE ANYTHING ELSE THEY WILL WORK FOR AMERICA IN TWO WAYS...





"POLISH PEOPLE ARE INTENSELY LOYAL AND RELIGIOUS. THEY LOVE POLAND BUT WHEN THEY COME HERE THEY LOVE THE UNITED STATES TOO. THEY WILL..."



"...GO TO SPECIAL CLASSES TO LEARN ABOUT AMERICA..."

"... BECOME CITIZENS..."

"...ADD THEIR STRONG RELIGIOUS CHARACTER TO THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA."

DON'T OVERLOOK THE POLISH CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHURCH IN AMERICA. THERE ARE FIVE POLISH COLLEGES, SEVERAL SEMINARIES, AND HUNDREDS OF PRIESTS AND SISTERS WHO ARE POLISH-BORN OR OF POLISH DESCENT.



"THERE ARE SIX BISHOPS OF POLISH DESCENT IN THE UNITED STATES..."

MOST REV. STANISLAUS V. BONA, BISHOP OF GREEN BAY.

MOST REV. THOMAS L. NOA, BISHOP OF MARQUETTE

MOST REV. STEPHEN S. WOZNICKI, BISHOP OF SAGINAW

MOST REV. ROMAN R. ATKIELSKI, AUXILIARY BISHOP OF MILWAUKEE

MOST REV. HENRY T. KLONOWSKI, AUXILIARY BISHOP OF SCRANTON

"AND MICHIGAN-BORN FATHER REMBERT KOWALSKI, OFM, IS THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONARY BISHOP OF WUCHANG, CHINA."

MOTHER, WHEN DID THE FIRST POLES COME TO AMERICA?

MOST OF THE POLISH PEOPLE ARE RELATIVE NEWCOMERS, BUT THERE WERE QUITE A FEW POLES ON THE FRONTIER EVEN BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

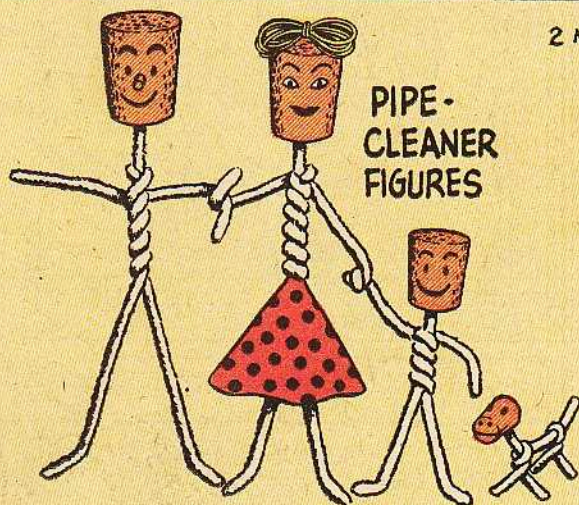
I REMEMBER STUDYING ABOUT THE POLISH GENERALS KOSCIUSZKO AND PULASKI WHO HELPED US WIN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THERE ARE ABOUT 10,000,000 AMERICANS OF POLISH DESCENT. THEY ARE LIKE MOST OTHER AMERICANS, HARD-WORKING PEOPLE. A FEW ARE FAMOUS, MANY ARE IN THE PROFESSIONS, AND THE MAJORITY ARE FARMERS, TEXTILE WORKERS, MINERS, STEELWORKERS, ASSEMBLY-LINE OPERATORS. THEY ARE PART OF THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.





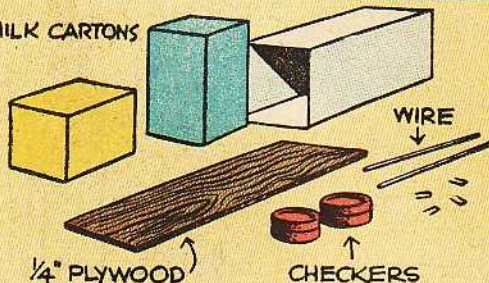
# Things to MAKE



PIPE-  
CLEANER  
FIGURES

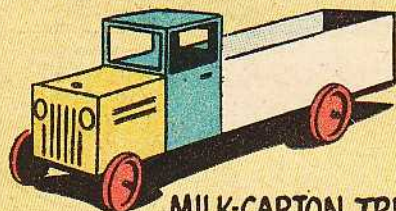
**C**LEVER FIGURES CAN BE MADE, USING PIPE CLEANERS AND CORKS. THESE EXAMPLES WILL GET YOU STARTED ON OTHERS OF YOUR OWN.

2 MILK CARTONS



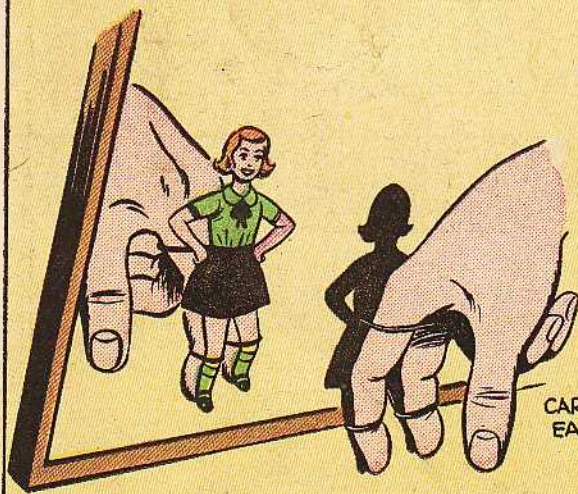
1/4" PLYWOOD

CHECKERS



MILK-CARTON TRUCKS

**S**EVERAL EMPTY MILK CARTONS CAN BE MADE OVER INTO A TRUCK. ABOVE ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW THE FEW SIMPLE STEPS IN ASSEMBLING. WHEN FINISHED, TRUCK CAN BE PAINTED.



MOVING FIGURES

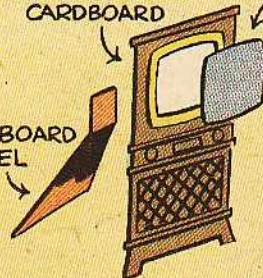
**C**LIP A FRONT VIEW OF A BOY OR GIRL FROM A MAGAZINE, PASTE ON LIGHT-WEIGHT CARDBOARD, AND THEN TRIM AROUND FIGURES WITH SCISSORS. RUBBER BANDS WILL HOLD LEGS TO YOUR FINGERS, AS SHOWN. PLACE A MIRROR IN FRONT OF YOU AND MAKE THEM WALK AND DANCE.



PASTED ONTO  
CARDBOARD

CUT OUT SCREEN

CARDBOARD  
EASEL



SEE YOURSELF ON TV

**S**ELLECT A GOOD FRONT VIEW OF A TELEVISION SET FOUND IN ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE. PASTE ON CARDBOARD AND CUT OUT SCREEN. A SNAPSHOT TAPED ON THE BACK SIDE WILL PUT YOU ON TV.





# The Children's Pope

ON MAY 29, 1954, JUST 40 YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF POPE PIUS X, OUR HOLY FATHER MADE A SOLEMN PROCLAMATION...

"IN HONOR OF THE HOLY AND INDIVISIBLE TRINITY, FOR THE EXALTATION OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH AND THE INCREASE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, BY THE AUTHORITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, OF THE HOLY APOSTLES PETER AND PAUL, AND BY OUR OWN, WE DECREE AND DEFINE AS A SAINT, AND WE INSCRIBE IN THE CATALOGUE OF SAINTS, BLESSED PIUS X."



AND THUS AT THE THRONE OF GOD ENDED THE JOURNEY OF THE PEASANT BOY WHO...

I'M GETTING CLOSE TO THE SCHOOL. I'D BETTER PUT ON MY SHOES SO THAT THE BOYS WON'T LAUGH AT ME.



IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD TO WEAR MY SHOES ALL THE WAY FROM HOME, BUT TWO MILES IS A LONG WAY.

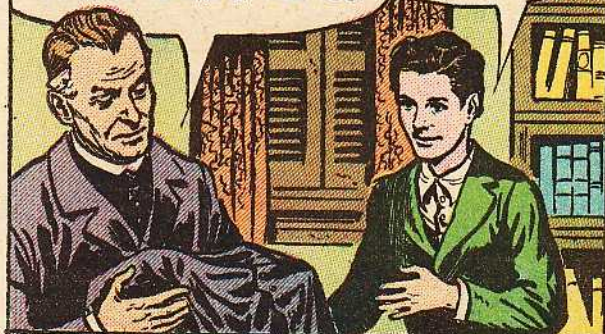




WHEN HE WAS READY TO GO TO THE SEMINARY...

BEPPPO, THE PASTOR OF RIESE IS AS POOR AS YOU ARE, BUT HERE IS ONE OF MY OLD CASSOCKS THAT YOUR MOTHER MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX UP FOR YOU.

THANK YOU, FATHER. MOTHER HAS HAD LOTS OF EXPERIENCE IN MENDING CLOTHES. SHE'LL FIX IT.



BEFORE HE GOT VERY FAR IN HIS STUDIES HIS FATHER DIED.

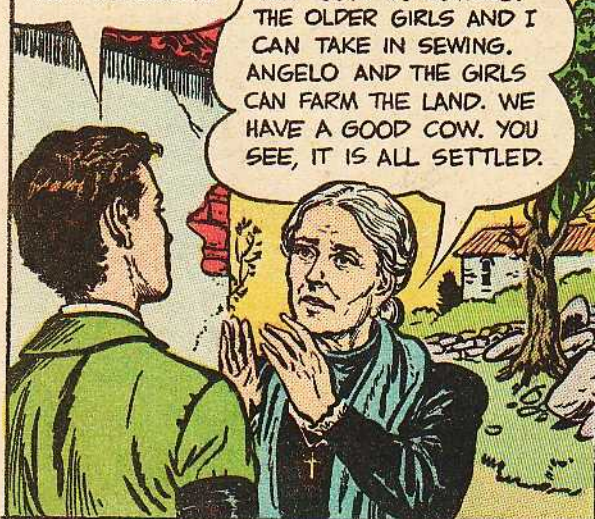
I'M THE OLDEST OF THE FIVE CHILDREN. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP MY STUDIES AND HELP SUPPORT THE FAMILY.

NO! YOUR FATHER WAS SO HAPPY THAT YOU ARE GOING TO BE A PRIEST THAT I WON'T TAKE THAT JOY FROM HIM. YOU WILL STAY IN THE SEMINARY.



BUT MOTHER...

YOU COST US NOTHING. THE OLDER GIRLS AND I CAN TAKE IN SEWING. ANGELO AND THE GIRLS CAN FARM THE LAND. WE HAVE A GOOD COW. YOU SEE, IT IS ALL SETTLED.



AT THE SEMINARY FOOD WAS NOT TOO PLENTIFUL, BUT EVEN SO...

IT IS BETTER FOR ME TO BE A LITTLE HUNGRY THAN FOR THE OTHERS TO STARVE.



THIS IS ALL I COULD GET TONIGHT, BUT IT WILL KEEP YOU ALIVE.

I SHOULD STARVE TO DEATH HERE IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, BEPPPO.



AND WHEN HIS FRIENDS DID MANAGE TO SEND HIM A FEW PENNIES FOR SPENDING MONEY...

YOU CANNOT KEEP WARM IF YOUR HEAD IS COLD. THESE FEW PENNIES MIGHT BE ENOUGH TO BUY YOU A SHAWL.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN YOU LEAVE US, BEPPPO?





GIUSEPPE SARTO WAS ORDAINED AT 23. HE WAS SO YOUNG THAT HE HAD TO GET SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM ROME. THEN...

FATHER SARTO, I AM SENDING YOU TO THE VILLAGE OF TOMBOLO.

I SHALL LIKE IT IN TOMBOLO, YOUR EXCELLENCY. ITS PEOPLE ARE MOSTLY POOR. I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED AMONG THE POOR AND AM POOR MYSELF. I UNDERSTAND THEM AND I'M SURE THEY WILL UNDERSTAND ME.

AND SO FATHER SARTO WENT TO WORK AMONG HIS BELOVED POOR. ONE DAY...

IT'S A TRAP, FATHER. IF YOU ARE POOR YOU CAN'T AFFORD AN EDUCATION, AND IF YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD JOB.

I'M GOING TO START A SCHOOL FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU. IF YOU WILL PAY MY PRICE, YOU MAY ATTEND.

WHAT IS YOUR PRICE, FATHER?

THAT YOU PROMISE NEVER TO USE OUR LORD'S NAME IN VAIN AGAIN.

SHOES WERE STILL A PROBLEM FOR FATHER SARTO. HE WAS SUCH A GOOD PREACHER THAT HE WAS OFTEN ASKED TO SPEAK IN OTHER CITIES, AND SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FATHER SARTO?

THESE ARE MY PREACHING SHOES! WOODEN SHOES ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR A COUNTRY PRIEST, BUT I MUSTN'T LET YOUR PEOPLE KNOW I'M SUCH A POOR PREACHER THAT I CAN'T AFFORD A DECENT PAIR OF SHOES.

OFTEN...

HOW MUCH?

FATHER BEPPO! NOT AGAIN! YOU PAWN THIS WATCH AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK!

I CAN TELL TIME BY THE SUN, BUT THE POOR CANNOT EAT THE SUN.



**L**ATER, WHEN HE BECAME PASTOR OF SALZANO, FATHER SARTO HAD A HORSE AND CART TO HELP HIM IN HIS WORK, BUT HE NEVER GOT TO USE THEM...

FATHER BEPPO, MAY I BORROW THE HORSE AND CART THIS MORNING?

I NEED THEM TO HAUL ROCKS THIS AFTERNOON.

TOMORROW, I SHALL NEED THEM.

POOR HORSE! HE LEADS A WORSE LIFE THAN I DO.



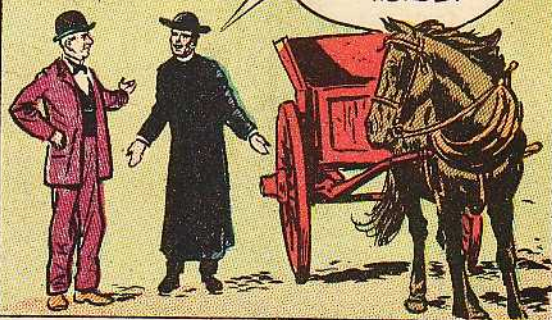
**F**INALLY...

THEY ARE WORKING MY POOR HORSE TO DEATH. I WANT YOU TO SELL IT FOR ME AND GIVE THE MONEY TO MRS. SPINA, WHOSE HUSBAND JUST DIED.

JUST THE HORSE, FATHER?

IF YOU WANT TO STOP THE BORROWING YOU'LL HAVE TO SELL THE CART, TOO.

LET THEM BORROW THE CART. THEY CAN'T HURT IT. I'M NOT TRYING TO STOP THE BORROWING — I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR HORSE.



**F**ATHER SARTO WORKED AMONG HIS BELOVED POOR IN TOMBOLO AND SALZANO UNTIL HE WAS 40. THEN THE BISHOP APPOINTED HIM A CANON OF THE CATHEDRAL IN TREVISO...

I AM GIVING YOU A ROOM IN THE SEMINARY. YOU WILL ALSO EAT THERE. IN THAT WAY I CAN BE SURE YOU DON'T GIVE AWAY YOUR BED AND FOOD. IF YOU WANT TO GIVE EVERYTHING ELSE AWAY, I CAN'T STOP YOU.



**F**ATHER SARTO WAS NOW A MONSIGNOR. IN A SHORT TIME HE BECAME RECTOR OF THE SEMINARY, VICAR GENERAL, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DIOCESE, AND FINALLY, BISHOP OF MANTUA. BUT HE ACCEPTED ALL HONORS ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS HIS DUTY TO DO SO. HE REMAINED A SIMPLE PARISH PRIEST AT HEART. AS BISHOP HE STILL HEARD CONFESSIONS AT NEARLY EVERY PARISH HE VISITED, TAUGHT THE CATECHISM TO CHILDREN AND KEPT HIS DOOR WIDE OPEN TO THE POOR AND ANYONE ELSE WHO WANTED TO SEE HIM — ESPECIALLY THE CHILDREN.



**T**HE NEW BISHOP OF MANTUA VERY SOON LOOKED UP THE NEAREST PAWN SHOP.

BUT YOUR EXCELLENCY, YOU CAN'T PAWN YOUR RING!

I WON'T NEED IT AGAIN UNTIL SUNDAY AND I JUST MET A MAN WHO WILL BE DEAD BY SUNDAY IF HE DOESN'T GET SOME FOOD.



**I**N 1893 HE RECEIVED ALMOST THE HIGHEST HONOR IN THE CHURCH. HE WAS NAMED ARCHBISHOP OF VENICE AND WAS MADE A CARDINAL. HIS NEW SUBJECTS TRIED TO CHANGE HIM.

WE DO NOT THINK IT IS RIGHT FOR OUR CARDINAL TO USE A TWO-DOLLAR WATCH. WE HAVE BOUGHT THIS FOR YOU AS A TOKEN OF OUR LOVE.

IT IS MAGNIFICENT, AND SO EXPENSIVE.



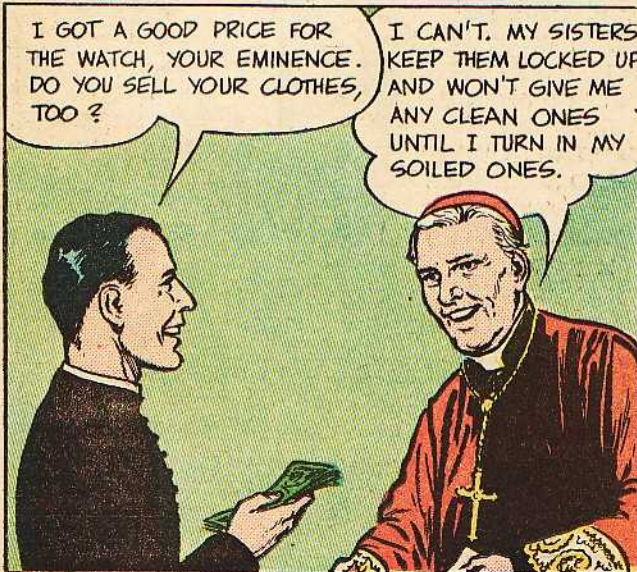
**B**UT ON HIS NEXT VISIT TO THE POOR SECTION OF THE CITY...

WHEN I SEE THIS, MY NEW WATCH FEELS TOO HEAVY TO CARRY. SELL IT AND GIVE THE MONEY TO THESE PEOPLE. I'LL USE MY TWO-DOLLAR WATCH AGAIN.



I GOT A GOOD PRICE FOR THE WATCH, YOUR EMINENCE. DO YOU SELL YOUR CLOTHES, TOO?

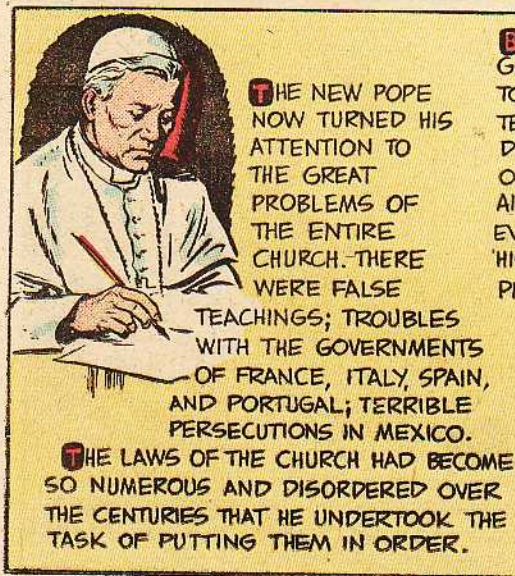
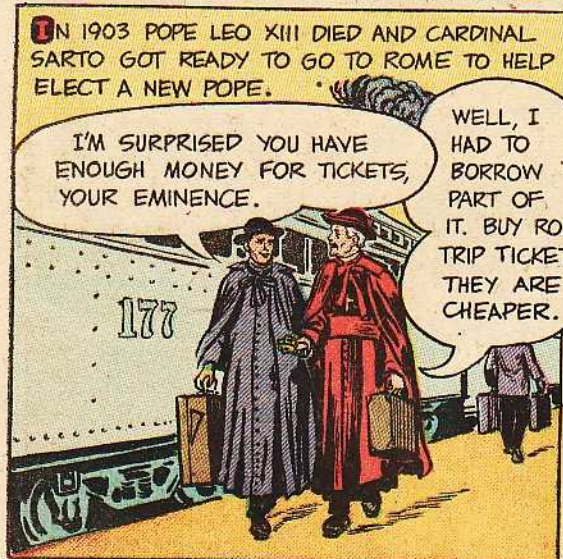
I CAN'T. MY SISTERS KEEP THEM LOCKED UP AND WON'T GIVE ME ANY CLEAN ONES UNTIL I TURN IN MY SOILED ONES.



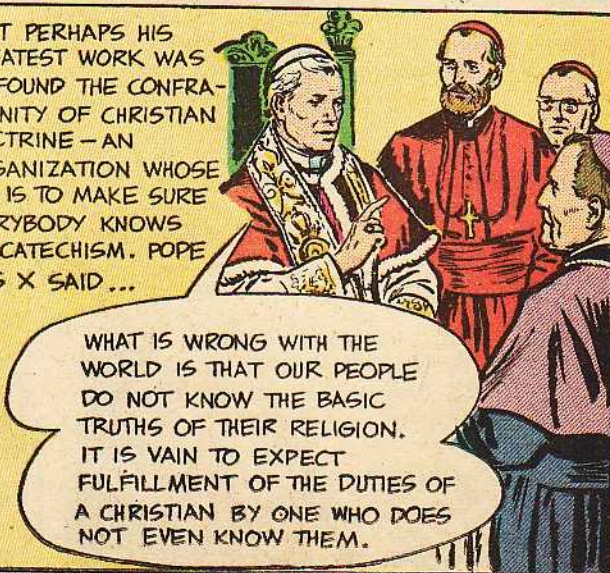
**T**HE CARDINAL-PATRIARCH OF VENICE STILL ACTED LIKE A COUNTRY PASTOR. VISITING...







**B**UT PERHAPS HIS GREATEST WORK WAS TO FOUND THE CONFRA-TERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE - AN ORGANIZATION WHOSE AIM IS TO MAKE SURE EVERYBODY KNOWS HIS CATECHISM. POPE PIUS X SAID ...

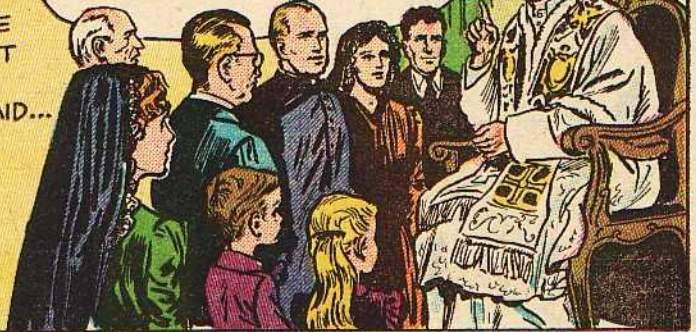




**B**EFORE THE TIME OF POPE PIUS X, CHILDREN OFTEN DID NOT RECEIVE FIRST HOLY COMMUNION UNTIL THEY WERE 12 YEARS OLD, AND DAILY COMMUNION FOR LAY PEOPLE WAS UNHEARD OF. HE DECREED THAT CHILDREN SHOULD RECEIVE AS SOON AS THEY REACH THE AGE OF REASON AND THAT FREQUENT AND EVEN DAILY COMMUNION SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED. HE SAID...

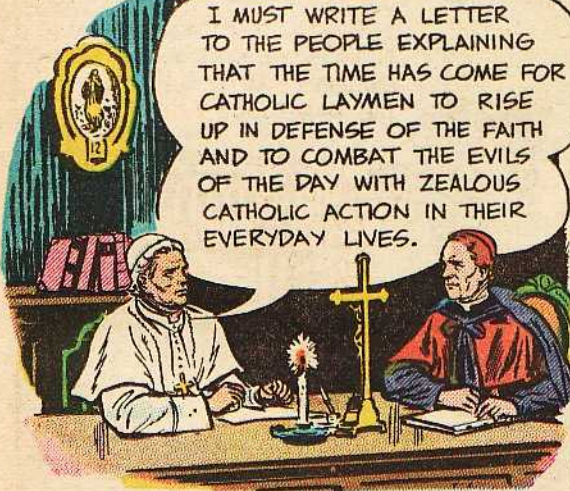


HOLY COMMUNION IS THE SHORTEST AND SUREST WAY TO PARADISE... TO APPROACH THE ALTAR TAKES ONLY A MOMENT, AND HE WHO APPROACHES TASTES TRULY THE DELIGHTS OF PARADISE.



**H**E ALSO HAD MUCH TO SAY ABOUT THE WORK OF ORDINARY PEOPLE IN THE CHURCH.

I MUST WRITE A LETTER TO THE PEOPLE EXPLAINING THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR CATHOLIC LAYMEN TO RISE UP IN DEFENSE OF THE FAITH AND TO COMBAT THE EVILS OF THE DAY WITH ZEALOUS CATHOLIC ACTION IN THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES.



**O**NE OF HIS HAPPIEST DAYS WAS WHEN A PILGRIMAGE OF 400 CHILDREN FROM FRANCE CAME TO SEE HIM.

SINCE I HAVE BEEN A PRISONER IN THE VATICAN I HAVE MISSED MY CHILDREN MOST OF ALL. COME, GATHER AROUND ME AND LET'S JUST TALK.



**P**OPE PIUS TRIED TO KEEP IT QUIET, BUT IT SOON BECAME KNOWN THAT HE HAD CURED MANY PERSONS OF SERIOUS DISEASES. TWO NUNS WENT AWAY CURED WHEN...

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE CURED?

TO WORK FOR THE GLORY OF GOD A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.



**T**HE POPE WAS NOW QUITE OLD. ONE DAY HE BECAME ILL AND HIS CONDITION GRADUALLY GREW WORSE UNTIL ON AUG. 20, 1914...

HIS BEAUTIFUL SOUL IS WITH GOD.



... AND THUS THE HUMBLE PARISH PRIEST WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE CHILDREN'S POPE PASSED FROM THE THRONE OF PETER TO TAKE HIS PLACE BY THE THRONE OF GOD.



# THE FIRST AIR FLIGHT IN AMERICA

By ESTHER M. DOUTY

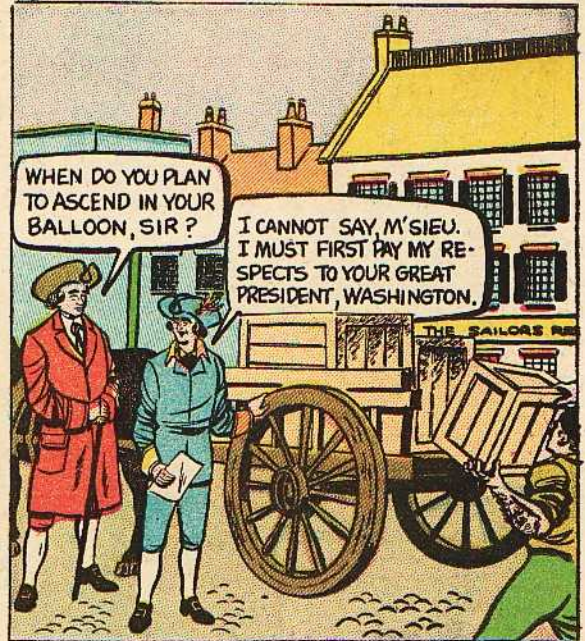
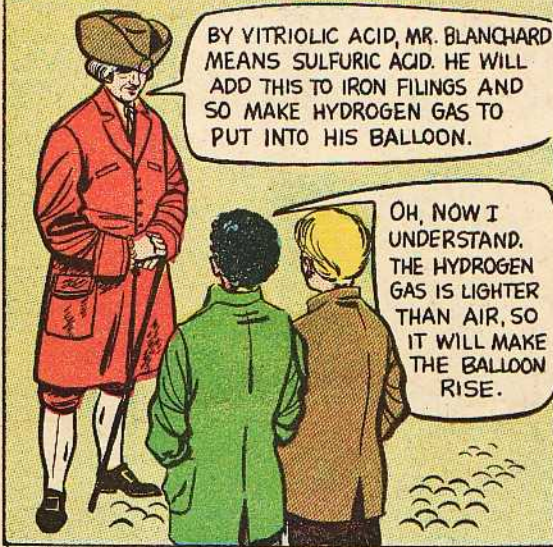
*Illustrated by Paul Zender*

IN DECEMBER, 1792, WHEN OUR COUNTRY WAS BUT THREE YEARS OLD, A FRENCHMAN, JEAN PIERRE BLANCHARD, THE GREATEST OF THE EARLY AERONAUTS, CAME TO PHILADELPHIA, WHICH WAS THEN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

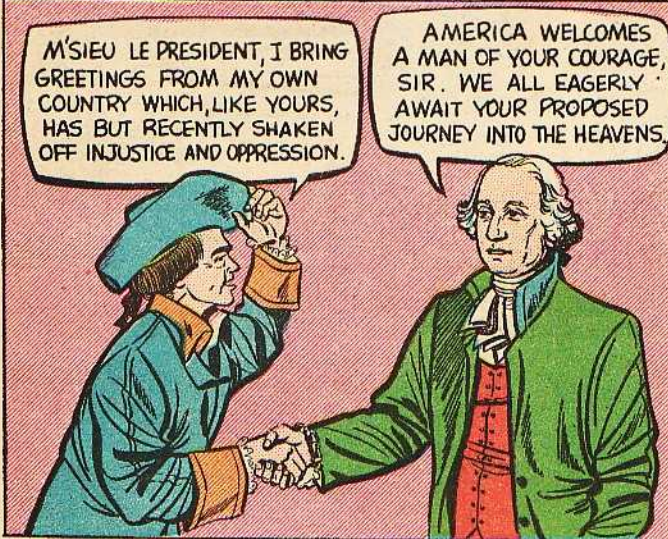




DR. BENJAMIN RUSH, AMERICA'S FAMOUS SCIENTIST, JOINED THE CONVERSATION.....



THE FRENCH AERONAUT CALLED UPON PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON IN STATE HOUSE YARD...NOW INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.



LATER, BLANCHARD TALKED TO GOVERNOR MIFFLIN OF PENNSYLVANIA...



SO BLANCHARD'S PLAN TO ASCEND IN HIS BALLOON WAS ANNOUNCED IN ALL THE PAPERS.

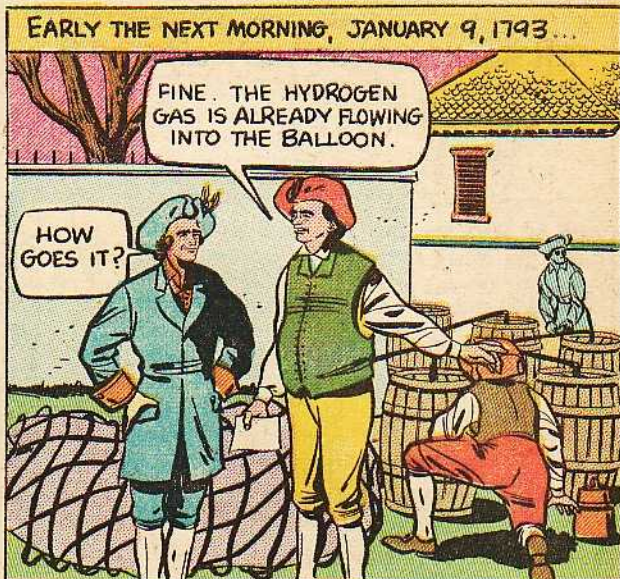




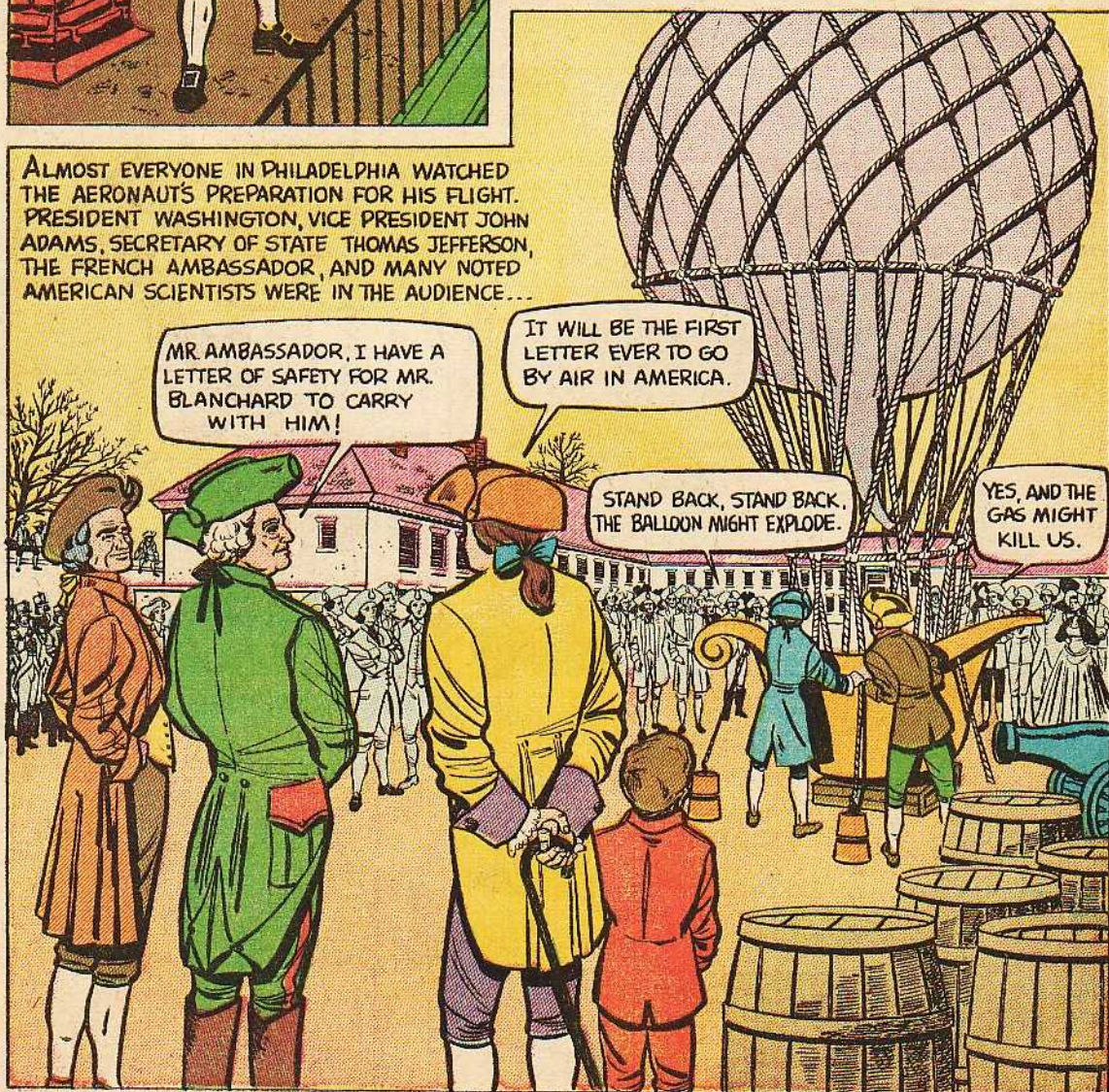
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FLIGHT...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1793...



ALMOST EVERYONE IN PHILADELPHIA WATCHED THE AERONAUT'S PREPARATION FOR HIS FLIGHT. PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, VICE PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS, SECRETARY OF STATE THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, AND MANY NOTED AMERICAN SCIENTISTS WERE IN THE AUDIENCE...







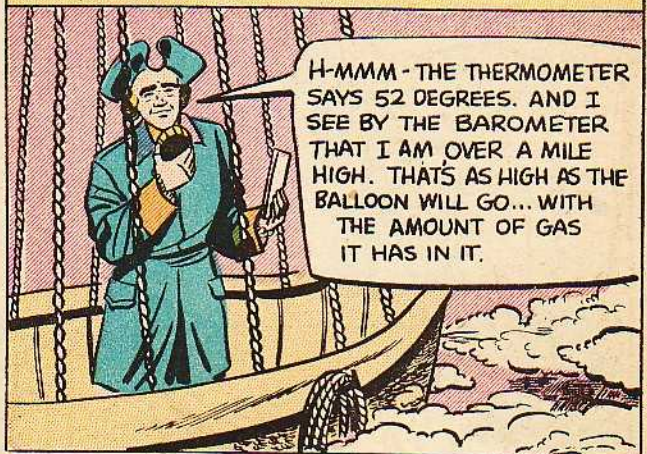


SINCE THERE WAS NO WIND THE BALLOON WENT STRAIGHT UP, AND THEN WAS BLOWN OVER THE DELAWARE RIVER ----



SEE HOW THE PEOPLE FOLLOW US, LITTLE FRIEND. BUT NOW WE WILL TOSS OUT A SAND-BAG AND RISE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, OUT OF THEIR SIGHT.

THE AERONAUT CHECKED HIS EQUIPMENT...



H-MMM - THE THERMOMETER SAYS 52 DEGREES. AND I SEE BY THE BAROMETER THAT I AM OVER A MILE HIGH. THAT'S AS HIGH AS THE BALLOON WILL GO... WITH THE AMOUNT OF GAS IT HAS IN IT.

... AND PERFORMED THE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS HE WAS ASKED TO ....



THE LITTLE QUARTER-MINUTE GLASS WON'T WORK HERE. BUT I'LL USE MY SECOND-WATCH TO TIME MY PULSE. H-MM, I'LL INFORM DR. RUSH THAT MY HEART BEATS EIGHT TIMES MORE A MINUTE THAN IT DOES ON EARTH.

BLANCHARD TESTED OUT THE LOADSTONE FOR DR. GLENWORTH. LOADSTONES WERE THE FIRST MAGNETS.



VERY INTERESTING. ON THE GROUND, THIS LOADSTONE WILL LIFT FIVE AND ONE-HALF OUNCES, BUT A MILE UP IN THE AIR, IT WILL HARDLY BEAR FOUR OUNCES.

A SUDDEN WIND SWEEPED THE BALLOON TOWARD THE SEA...



I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF BE CARRIED OVER THE SEA.

HE PULLED THE VALVE CORD TO LET OUT THE GAS ...



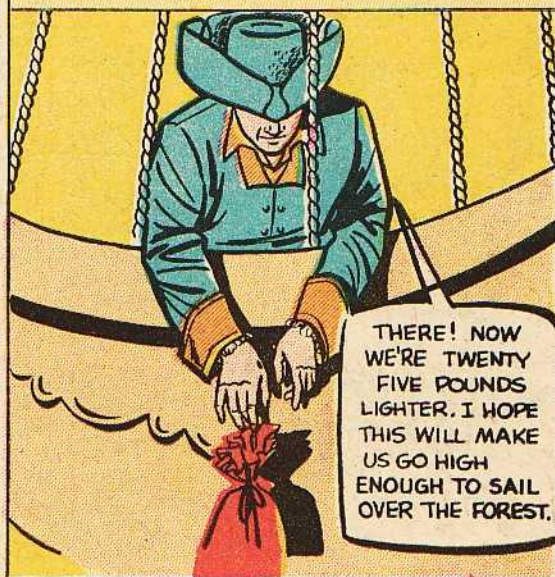
NOW I WILL DESCEND TO EARTH.



AS THE BALLOON LOST GAS, IT DESCENDED...



THE AERONAUT HAD TO MAKE HIS BALLOON RISE AGAIN...



...AND WATCH ANXIOUSLY FOR A CLEAR SPOT IN WHICH TO LAND.



BLANCHARD PULLED HARD AT THE VALVE CORD SO THAT THE GAS WOULD ESCAPE SWIFTLY...







...BY SEVEN O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT...





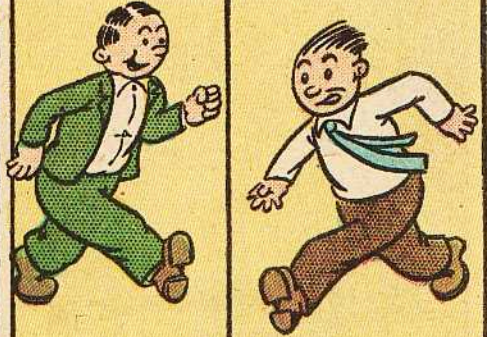
# Treasure Chest CARTOON COURSE



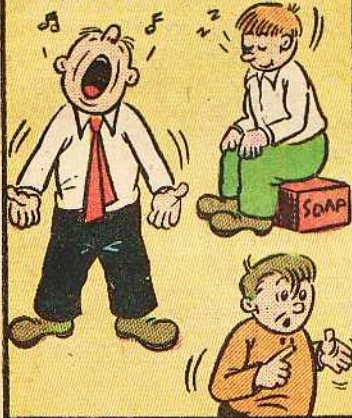
**H**I - I HOPE YOU HAVE BEEN PRACTICING A LOT DRAWING YOUR COMIC BODIES. TODAY WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM DO THINGS. STUDY EACH PANEL CAREFULLY BEFORE GOING ON TO THE NEXT ONE.. DON'T RUSH YOUR LESSON. HASTE MAKES WASTE



**I**N A WALKING OR RUNNING ACTION, THE ARMS AND LEGS TAKE OPPOSITE POSITIONS IN RELATION TO ONE ANOTHER..



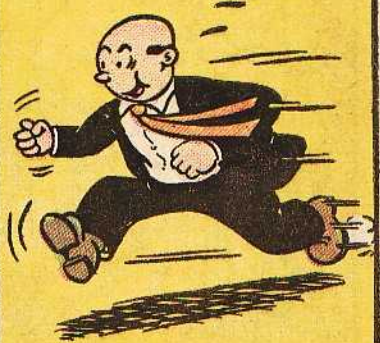
**N**OTICE HOW HANDS AND EXPRESSIONS PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN YOUR ACTION..



**W**ALKING ACTION



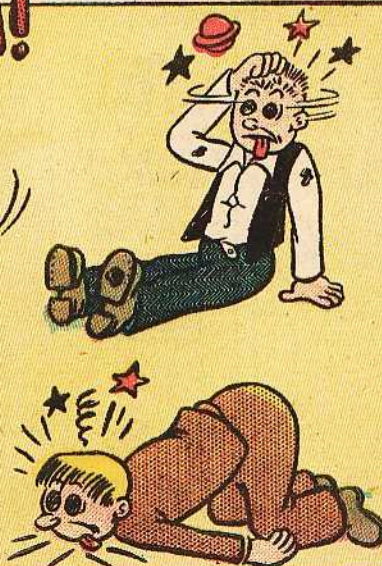
**U**SE OF SHADOW LINES UNDER RUNNING FIGURE WILL HELP ALONG YOUR ACTION..



**A**CCTION DOESN'T NECESSARILY ALWAYS MEAN WALKING, RUNNING AND FALLING. A SITTING OR STANDING FIGURE CAN ALSO PORTRAY ACTION IN POSE...



**S**PINNING HEAD ACTION  
**V**IOLENT ACTION



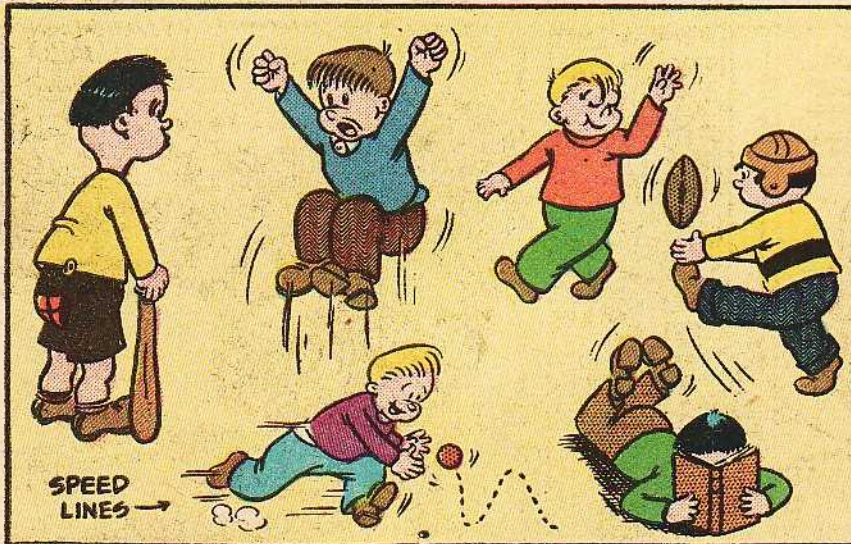
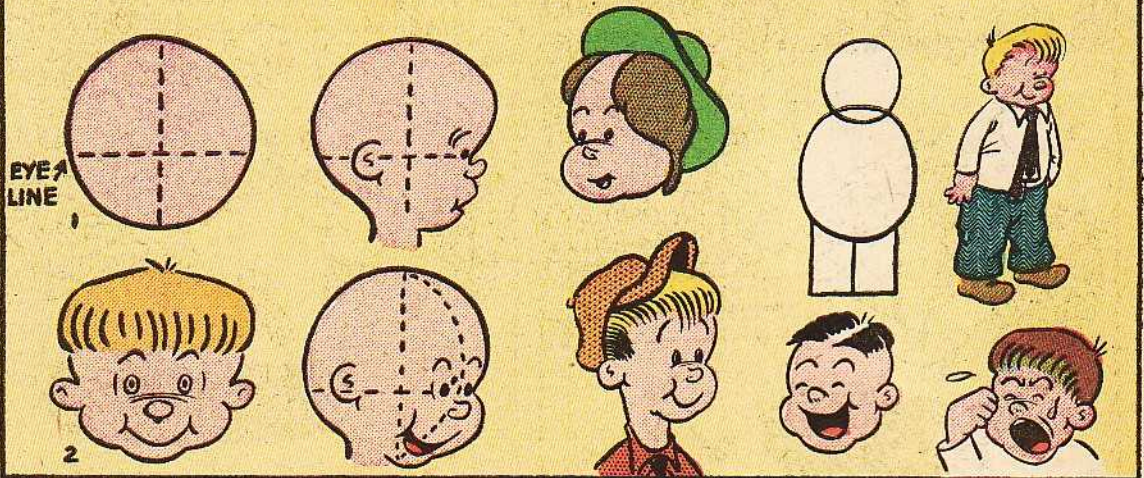
**B**EFORE GOING ON TO THE NEXT PAGE, COPY ON YOUR PRACTICE PAPER ALL OF THE FIGURES IN ACTION THAT I HAVE DRAWN.. MAKE THEM GOOD AND BIG.

**C**AN YOU THINK OF SOME MORE THAT I HAVEN'T DRAWN..





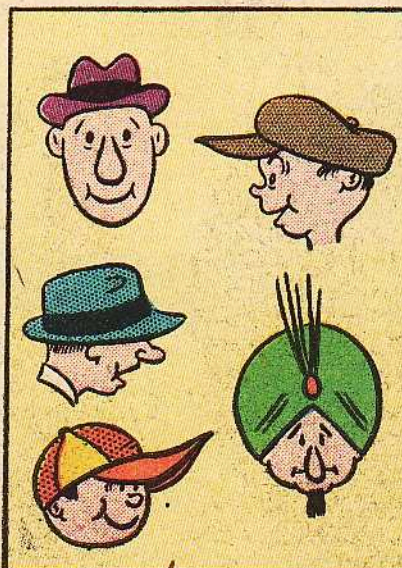
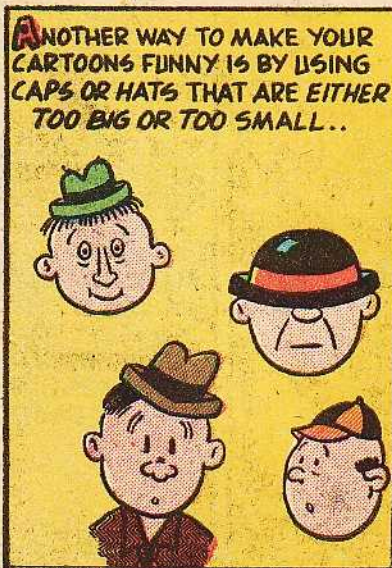
**LESSON 6 - KIDS.** THE CARTOONIST MUST BE ABLE TO DRAW KIDS AS WELL AS GROWNUPS. WE USE OUR FREEHAND CIRCLES IN DRAWING KIDS...



HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH CARTOONING. WATCH YOUR FRIENDS WHILE THEY'RE DOING THINGS. MAKE CARTOONS OF THEM. THEY'LL GET A LAUGH OUT OF IT TOO, WHEN THEY SEE THEMSELVES DRAWN ON YOUR PAPER!



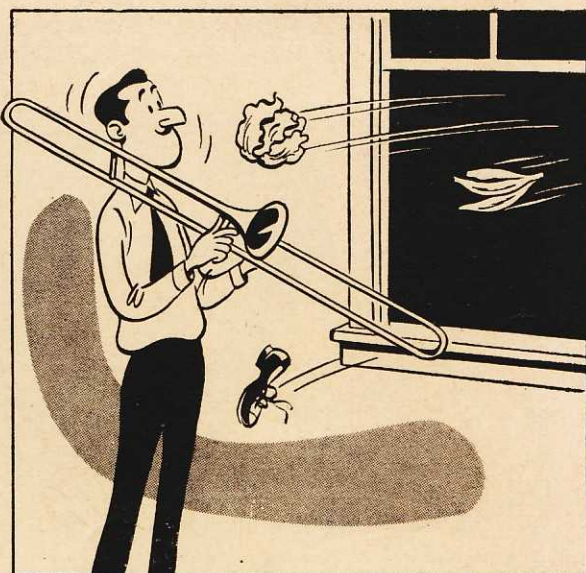
**A**NOTHER WAY TO MAKE YOUR CARTOONS FUNNY IS BY USING CAPS OR HATS THAT ARE EITHER TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL...



**B**E SURE TO HAVE A BOTTLE OF BLACK INK, PEN AND HOLDER, A SMALL BRUSH, AND A PIECE OF WHITE CARDBOARD WHEN WE MEET NEXT TIME. WE'LL BE DRAWING A LOT WITH PEN AND INK AFTER TODAY'S LESSON. ALSO, THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG SURPRISE FOR ALL OF YOU CARTOONISTS NEXT TIME...













APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# Treasure Chest

Vol. 10 No. 16  
April 7, 1955







## Treasure Chest #v10\_16 (1955)

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